



I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A **WILLOW TREE**

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again,
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battle field no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow;
Oh why did she flatter my boyish pride,
She's going to leave me now.

Oh, why, &c.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit,
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I played on my master's lute.
She seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree;
Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Oh, had I, &c.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care;
I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine;
When smiles awake the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them mine;
I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festal train,
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

And if I survive, &c.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom.
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
'Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

A tear from, &c.



